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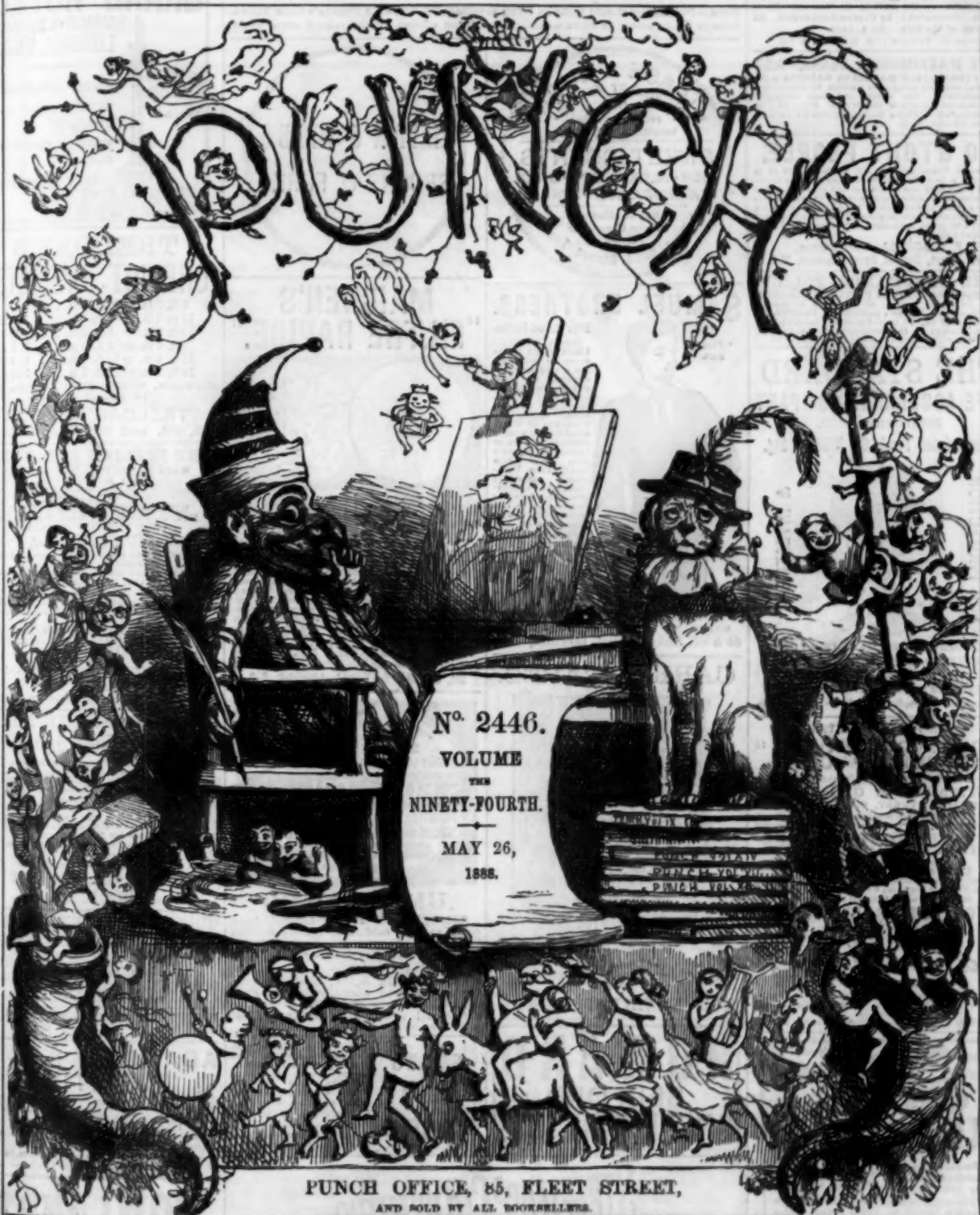
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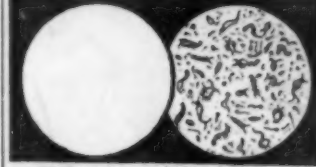


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TABLEAU I.—REIKO WOL-SE-LI at a banquet attacks the Giant SA-RUM in the latter's absence. TABLEAU II.—Giant SA-RUM denounces WOL-SE-LI in the Up-per-ous, when WOL-SE-LI is away. TABLEAU III.—REIKO WOL-SE-LI confronts Giant SA-RUM in the presence of The KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF, Lords, and Spiritual Peers.

TABLEAU IV.—KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF intervenes. The ceremony of Hands-Sha-Kin is performed all round. KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF congratulates everyone on "The agreeable manner in which this incident has ended," and he, Giant SA-RUM, and REIKO WOL-SE-LI dine together happily.

DIARY OF A NOBODY.*

My dear wife CARRIE and I have just been a week in our new house, "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, Holloway—a nice six-roomed residence, not counting basement with a front breakfast-parlour. We have a little front garden, and there is a flight of ten steps up to the front door; which, by the bye, we keep locked with the chain up. CUMMINGS, GOWING, and our other intimate friends always come to the little side-entrance, which saves the servant the trouble of going up to the front door, thereby taking her from her work. We have a nice little back garden which runs down to the railway. We were rather afraid of the noise of the trains at first, but the landlord said we should not notice them after a bit, and took £2 off the rent. He was certainly right, and beyond the cracking of the garden wall at the bottom, we have suffered no inconvenience.

After my work in the City, I like to be at home. What's the good of a home, if you are never in it. "Home, Sweet Home"—that's my motto. I am always in of an evening. Our old friend GOWING may ask us to drop in *sans cérémonie*; so may CUMMINGS, who lives opposite. My dear wife CAROLINE and I are pleased to see them if they like to drop in on us. But CARRIE and I can manage to pass our evenings together without friends. There is always something to be done. A tin-tack here, a Venetian blind to put straight, a fan to nail up, or part of a carpet to nail down—all of which I can do with my pipe in my mouth; while CARRIE is not above putting a button on a shirt, mending a pillow-case, or practising the "Maiden's Prayer" on our new Cottage Piano (on the three years' system), manufactured by W. BILKSON (in small letters), from COLLARD AND COLLARD (in very large letters). Now for my diary:—

April 2.—Tradesman called for custom, and I promised FARMERSON, the Ironmonger, to give him a turn if I wanted any nails, or tools. By the bye, that reminds me there is no key to our bedroom door. Dear friend GOWING dropped in, but wouldn't stay, saying there was an infernal smell of paint.

April 4.—Tradesmen still calling. CARRIE being out, I arranged to deal with BILKSON, who seemed a civil Butcher with a nice clean shop. Ordered a shoulder of mutton for to-morrow to give him a

* As everybody who is anybody is publishing Reminiscences, Diaries, Notes, Autobiographies, and Recollections, we are sincerely grateful to "A Nobody" for permitting us to add to the historic collection.—Ed.

trial. CARRIE arranged with DONSSET, the Butterman, and ordered a pound of fresh butter, and a pound and a half of salt ditto, for kitchen, and a shilling's worth of eggs. In the evening, CUMMINGS unexpectedly dropped in to show me a meerschaum pipe he had won in a raffle in the City, and told me to handle it carefully, as it would spoil the colouring if the hand was moist. He said he wouldn't stay, as he didn't care much for the smell of the paint, and fell over the scraper as he went out. Must get the scraper removed, or else I shall get into a scrape. I don't often make jokes.

April 5.—Two legs of mutton arrived, CARRIE having arranged with another butcher without consulting me. GOWING called, and fell over scraper coming in. Must get that scraper removed.

April 6.—Eggs for breakfast simply shocking; sent them back to DONSSET with my compliments, and he needn't call any more for orders. Couldn't find umbrella, and though it was pouring with rain, had to go without it. SARAH said Mr. GOWING must have took it by mistake last night, as there was a stick in the 'All that didn't belong to nobody. In the evening, hearing someone talking in a loud voice to the servant in the downstairs Hall, went out to see who it was, and was surprised to find it was DONSSET, the butterman, who was both drunk and offensive. DONSSET, on seeing me, said, "He would be hanged if he would ever serve City Clerks any more, the game wasn't worth the candle." I restrained my feelings, and quietly remarked "that I thought it was possible for a City Clerk to be a Gentleman." He replied, "He was very glad to hear it, and wanted to know whether I had ever come across one, for he hadn't." He left the house, slamming the door after him, which extinguished the fan-light, and I heard him fall over the scraper, which made me feel glad I hadn't removed it. When he had gone, I thought of a splendid answer I ought to have given him. However, I will keep it for another occasion.

April 7.—Being Saturday, I looked forward to getting home early, and putting a few things straight; but two of our principals at the office were absent through illness, and I did not get home till seven. Found DONSSET waiting. He had been three times during the day to apologise for his conduct last night. He said he was unable to take his Bank Holiday last Monday, and took it last night instead. He begged me to accept his apology, and a pound of fresh butter. He seems, after all, a decent sort of fellow, so I gave him an order for some fresh eggs.



"RETRENCHMENT."

First Coster (in Trap). "WE SHALL SEE YOU AN' THE MISSUS AT EFSOM AS USUAL, BILL!"

Second Ditto. "NO; THE TIMES AIN'T PERPETIOUS, 'ARRY." (*Shaking his head.*) "NO. WI' GOSCHEN A REDOOCHIN' THE OLD WOMAN'S MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT, AND BIT O' MONEY IN CONSOLS, AN' THE EXTAYS ON CHAMPAGNE,—NOT TO SAY AS THE MOKS MIGHT AFTERWARDS BE CHARGED AS A PLEASURE-ORSE,—AN' THE WHEEL-TAX, AN' ONE THING AN' ANOTHER—IT DON'T RUN TO IT, MY BOY!!"

[Retires ruefully.]

April 8, Sunday.—After church, the Curate came back with us. I sent CARRIE in to open front door, which we do not use except on special occasions. She could not get it open, and, after all my display, I had to take the Curate (whose name, by the bye, I did not catch) round the side entrance. He caught his foot in the scraper, and tore the bottom of his trousers. Most annoying, as CARRIE could not well offer to repair them on a Sunday. After dinner went to sleep. Took a walk round the garden, and discovered a beautiful spot for sowing mustard and cress, and radishes. Went to Church again in the evening; walked back with the Curate. CARRIE noticed he had got on the same pair of trousers—only repaired.

A BALLAD OF A LATE OCCURRENCE.

To the Tune of "The Spanish Armada."

LORD WOLSELEY spoke some trenchant words for one in his position, For though a soldier straight and bold, he is no politician, And what he said at dinner-time contained reflections sinister Upon all sorts of Governments and every kind of Minister.

The things he said are often heard quite calmly by the nation, For as a rule they don't enjoy the Largest Circulation; But now the *Daily Telegraph* exploited him and Ranger, And told the world, in largest type, the country was in danger.

Though WOLSELEY can't bear politics, each sentence had a stab in it, And caused much indignation to each member of the Cabinet; And SALISBURY, who of appeals sensational no lover is, Was hurt that he had not been first apprised of these discoveries.

But what most vexed the Premier was the shocking want of grace of him, To say these things behind his back, and not before the face of him, And so to set the matter right, and make things straight and pleasant, He said the nastiest things he could, when WOLSELEY wasn't present.

The country now was all agog, its Tadpoles and its Tapers, And those who had no private views annexed one from the papers;

But all allowed that now at last a crisis we were nearing, And some for "extry-specials" went, and some for volunteering.

Some roundly blamed the Soldier bold, for jealous-minded men are all As pleased as—not as *Punch*—to jibe at England's Only General; And others didn't care a fig about their country's glory, If they could hurt a Government that happened to be Tory.

But hip, hooray! when Greek met Greek they showed how scandal's tools lie,

For SALISBURY vows 'twould break his heart to lose his gallant WOLSELEY.

And hatchets fouled with party strife we all at duty's calls bury, And WOLSELEY never said a word disparaging to SALISBURY.

A NEW DISCOVERY BY MRS. R.—"Well," said the good lady to a friend, "I dare say, my dear, you'll laugh at me when I tell you that till the other morning I never knew there were more equators than one. And what's more, I hadn't an idea that when one of the equators was out of use it could be lent or given to anyone by the Government to whom it might belong. How did I find this out? This way: my nephew reads the foreign news in the *Times* to me every day, and on Saturday last he read out, and wrote it down at the moment:—*'The Greeks still talk of expelling a Turkish Consul from Greece, should the ex-equator be refused to him.'*" I didn't say a word to my nephew; but I'm going to write to the Astrologer Royal about it, as I think public attention ought to be drawn to the fact. The idea of a Turkish Consul having an ex-equator all to himself, and then being angry because they wouldn't give it to him! Why, it's like a child crying for the moon!"

* We have referred to the paper of that date. A very natural mistake, as the word was "*exequatur*."—Ed.

In the *St. James's Gazette* the review of pictures headed "A Fireside Commentary," is not, as the title might imply, by Mr. FURNIA.

A LADY-IN-WAITING.

"The death is announced of Miss FRAY, a well-known frequenter of the Law Courts."—*Daily Paper*.

SHE was no *Portia* in a wig;
Her mind was purely "lay";
Yet she frequented Courts of Law—
Why?—gentle Usher, say!

Did she, like WORDSWORTH'S
famous maid,
Delight, when vexed with care,
To "take her little porringer,
And eat her" luncheon there?

What Court preferred she? Praps
Miss FRAY
Was feudally inclined,
And found the last of all the Barons
A Baron to her mind.

'Twas carrying coals to Newcastle
To take a FRAY to where
There are already quite enough,
And many more to spare.

The vision of a Female Bar
Fair pleaders oft consoles;
Did she a glorious time forsee
As Mistress of the Rolls?

The Usher replies:—

Oh, not as a mere back-Bencher,
To Court she daily hied;
But while the Judges tried her
suits,
She oft the Judges tried.

No end of actions she had brought,
This enterprising dame;
And though at last "put out of
Court,"
She'll haunt it just the same!

SEASONABLE TOP DRESSING.—A
"Gibus," or Spring Hat. The Hat
that goes up with a Spring, tra la!



ENGLAND'S "INVISIBLE ARMADA."

"THE BRITISH FLEET I CANNOT SEE, BECAUSE," &c., &c.
"The Critic." Lord Charles Beresford's Latest Edition.

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.

WHY are there not pleasant rides made across the Park and through Kensington Gardens where the Equestrians could get a little variety of light and shade away from the tedious and dangerous monotony of Rotten Row? "*L'homme propose*" and the "*Authorities*"—whoever they may be—don't "*dispose*."
"Consule PLUNKET," something surely might be done. For PLUNKET is a reasonable man. So are we all—and reasonable women, too. Perhaps if there were a "demonstration" on horseback, there might be a chance of something being done. We hope that, in many matters, and this one to begin with, the present Plunket administration will not be equivalent to translating "*Consule Planco*" as "In the reign of King Log."

THE SHOWER FLOW "AS FOUR USUAL."—The Royal Botanic Society held their first Summer Flower Show in Regent's Park. Of course it poured. The simplest way to know when it is going to rain, is to consult a calendar of events, and note down all the Flower Show dates.

"THERE'S a new show at Sangler's," said Mrs. RAN, meaning HENGLEN'S, "It's the Marieconettes. I suppose it's historical, and in costumes of the period, and represents the poor French Queen and her family. Poor Marieconette, a very sad story!"

BURMESE CHARACTERISTICS.—Receding China.

MERRY LONDON!

"You think unless you have some fresh excitement you will die?"

"I am sure of it. I have grown so accustomed to a whirl of the most delicious amusement, that, unless I have some new pleasure every day, I must sink. Wild mirth is my second nature."

The Editor looked upon his Contributor regretfully. He felt that to some extent it was his fault that his faithful follower had become so wedded to these delicious but jading delights.

"You were present last week at the Festival Dinner of the Home for Incurables in the Conservatory attached to the Albert Hall?" he murmured sadly.

"Ah, was I not?" cried the contributor, in an ecstasy of joy. "Never shall I forget the ubiquitous draughts, the several lights, the soul-stirring eloquence of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (who was defying influenza under cover of Japanese screens), and the music of the Guards' Band, which was loud enough to blow the roof off! And the dinner—what a dinner! And the company—what a company!"

"And there was singing too?"

"I should rather think there was! One song, in any number of verses, was called '*Helpless*,' and described the 'death in life' of the patients. So interesting! so cheerful! so pleasant! Just the sort of rollicking ditty to enjoy over a cup of coffee and a cigar."

"And did you go into the grounds afterwards?"

"Yes; and saw quite a number of coloured oil lamps—quite a number! I was never more pleased in my life."

"And did you not like the *tableaux vivants* of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, arranged by Mr. SAVILE CLARKE?"

"Sincerely I did. They were really and truly beautiful. But even Mr. CLARKE paid a passing tribute to the prevailing gloom of the Incurables by including in his admirable collection the Little Match-Girl being frozen to death in the snow."

"You must have had a very delightful evening?"

"Indeed I had! But it was nothing to compare with the following afternoon, when I had the advantage of being present at a *Matinée* of *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*."

"Was it well dramatised?"

"Admirably, by the Authoress of the Novel. I cried the whole time! It was so affecting! Miss EMERY, as "*Dearest*," admirable, and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, as the Earl, beyond all praise. Then Mr. CHEVALIER as the Buttermilk, and Mr. BRANDON THOMAS as the lawyer could not have been surpassed. And Miss VERA BERANGER was clever beyond her years. She had studied every attitude, and paid such attention to the audience that it was impossible to overlook the fact that she was acting, and acting very much indeed! And when I was not distracted by her admirable impersonation, and could fancy the other characters real flesh and blood, I wept like a child."

"You must have had a most enjoyable afternoon?"

"A most pleasant one, and the very next day I went to the Criterion, and absolutely revelled in a piece called *The Deputy*."

"Do you know what it was about?"

"No, I do not, but I am sure it must have been something vastly amusing. I rather fancy a gentleman called BROWN was supposed to have committed bigamy because he would not say he was married to a widow of the same name—not until the last Act, you know. So very mirth-provoking! At least I know it must have been mirth-provoking, because it was called a farcical comedy in three Acts! Dear me! Alas! And all these pleasures are over!"

And the poor Contributor heaved a heavy sigh.

"Life is not worth living without such wild delights!" he murmured. "Unless I have some more, I feel I shall die."

The Editor drew a packet from his pocket and gently placed it in the hands of his faithful follower. The latter with lack lustre eyes glanced at its contents. Suddenly his face beamed with pleasure.

"Saved!" he shouted, "saved! I am myself once more!"

He had received a voucher for a special morning performance for a new and original play in four Acts. It was called *The Love Story*, and he read this note on the programme:—"N.B.—Unless the whole of the First Scene be witnessed, the subsequent action of the play cannot be understood."

"Four Acts, and not a jot less!" he cried. And then he fainted away for sheer joy.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday 14.—AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS opened his Operatic Season with a real novelty. There was a bust of the QUEEN on the stage, and a bust of applause from the audience. Everyone sang the National Hymn in honour of the National Her, and then we sat down to listen to DONIZETTI's *Lucrezia Borgia*. For my part—a very small one in the Opera—I may say I am never tired of *Lucrezia*. I wagged my head to the old familiar strains, kept time with my foot, and wondered to myself whether GRISI had dressed the part as does Madame FURSON-MADI,—who certainly “embodies the character” in the most ample manner,—and whether Signor MARIO made as boyish a *Gennaro* as does Signor RAVELLI. I like Signor NAVARINI as the *Duca*. But how difficult for any couple to play the great poison scene without drifting unconsciously into the fine old and very mellow-dramatic style of the palmiest days of the Victorian Theatre, which the burlesquers of half a century ago—I mean GILBERT & BECKETT, ALBERT SMITH, and the BROUGHS for example—scooted, and which H. J. BYRON, and later burlesque writers, killed. So there are uses even in burlesque.

Tuesday 15.—There could not be a stronger contrast in appearance between Madame NORDICA, as *Carmen*, and Miss MCINTYRE as

Michaela.

For such a *débütante* no part could have been better chosen. It suited her admirably, and her shortcomings, her naïveté, her simplicity, and her graceful awkwardness, materially added to the great charm of her performance. Madame NORDICA looked the *Carmen* of the story,



“Not for José.”

playing and singing the part like the genuine *artiste* she is. M. ETIENNE DE REIMS, as *Don José* the soldier, was excellent as far as the acting went—about the most dramatic *José* I’ve seen—but in singing he was what any silly lover of *Carmen* would naturally be, “a little flat.” With the *Escamillo* of Signor DEL PUENTE I was, like the *Toréador* himself, quite “contento.” The *encores*, which weren’t taken, the bouquets that *were*, and the applause on all hands quite recalled the “palmy” days of Covent Garden Opera. In those palmy days the palms were white-gloved; perhaps the applause was not so real as now, when there is “very little kid” about it.

The Opera Season so far starts well, and Miss MCINTYRE has made a decided hit.

Thursday, 17.—VERDI's *Traviata*. Favourable verdict on VERDI emphasised and Anglo-Italicised. The opera has never been so perfectly placed on the stage. To-night, under the personal superintendence of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS principals and chorus looked thoroughly *Harri'd*, but not in the least distressed. Miss ELLA RUSSELL as *Violetta*, the suffering soprano, was charming, and physiologically looked anything but consumptive; but she was, and frequently I felt inclined to hand her up a box of cough lozenges instead of a bouquet. Once in the course of the evening, her chair, overcome by the weight of woe, gave way, and poor *Violetta* was more upset than ever. Mr. RANDEGGER conducted himself and the orchestra most properly. M. D'ANDRADE was old daddy *Germont*, melodious but prosy; and Signor RAVELLI was *Germont* junior, dear little *Alfredo*, the tender tenor. The opera went off with great *éclat*—a fact due, among other causes, to the amount of powder used in the piece. The supper scene was superb. The Realistic Dramas could no further go, for there was real supper, which the chorus and supper-numeraries were really eating; and there was no sham about the “cham” itself, which was real, and which they were really drinking. No doubt it was Pommery '74—noticed, as the bad Boulangerites had it, for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS doesn't do the thing by halves when he goes in for it, and there are one or two on the Operatic Organising Committee who know good wine when they taste it.

Perhaps the Organising Committee were among the chorus on this occasion. Lucky dogs! On the nights that the Prince and Princess



WANTED.—Several strong Muscular Musicians in Orchestra, to assist in handing up the gigantic burden of Flowery Tributes to Prime Donne.

and the Princesses of WALES have been present the Royal Party set a notable example of punctuality which was followed at a very respectful distance by rank and fashion, which still consider it the correct thing to arrive as late as possible. Why?

Saturday, 19.—Brilliant house, crowded. Brilliant stage too. Everybody brilliant, except M. DEREIMS as *Faust*. ALBANI the great attraction, in magnificent voice, looked sweet, took *encore* for “*Jewel Song*” and all the bouquets. Signor NAVARA made a substantial *Mephistopheles*, to whom a course of Turkish baths might be of considerable service. Not difficult for *Mephistopheles* to get such a thing. To epigrammatically describe him, taken in this costume, I should say he was “rough and red.” End of first week, the successes having been Mmes. ALBANI, NORDICA, TREBELL, Miss MCINTYRE, and *Misc-en-scène*. Delighted with hit made by the puir Scotch lassie in Italian Opera, as I sign myself

MCARONI.

THE HANGLODANNISH XHIBISHUN.

WITH that usual good luck as allers attends the owdacious, I has got engaged at the Hanglodannish Xhibishun in my hold capassity, and, as I fondly hopes, with the same satisfactory results all round. I was of coarse at both of the hopenings, for what I says is, “When you gets a hopening, make the most of it,” an I did so, and allwise shall do so, and ave done so.

Who hever heard of Mr. SAMMON till about a munth ago, and who won't have heard of him in about another week? It appears that a Mr. SAMMON, who is the habel Secretary of The Inkurabels (a nobel oharrity), was a sailing along close to the City of Denmark when it suddenly struck him that as they was very much in want of a lot of money for the nobel hinstitution afoursaid, what a grand idear it woud be to hinjuice sum of the poor but most clean looking people as he was a passing by in his ship, to cum over to hold England and bring their tidy cottages with 'em, jest to show us what a nice set they was where our Princess of WHALES came from.

He had plenty of time to think hout his nobel idear while he was a tumbling about in the Danish Sea, and dreckly he cum home he set to work and, with the abel asistance of Mr. TRUNDLE, who heverybody nose, we now sees the grand results. And a most interesting site it is. Ah, if all our own pore English and Irish Labourers had such nice neat and clean cottages to live in, what an appy lot woud there's be!

But of course that ain't the only site for to see. Why there's a speesimen of how they travels up and down their snowy mountains in that partickler cold country as makes you amost warm only to look at. Up hill and down dale they gos like a flash of lightning, and I didn't see one single sole tumbel off. And then they have brought over with 'em a sample of their sne mountings themselves as is jest like life, and which was so jolly reel that on the nite of the fust hopening that it quite akounted not “for the milk in the Koko nut,” as the sayin is, but for the air outside witch was pennytrating, an I could have wisht it warmer. I've got roomytirum since, but more in my nex.

ROBERT.

HAPPY THOUGHT BY OUR SMALL AND EARLY IMPRESSIONIST.



To Evade the Wheel Tax, adopt the Mechanism of the latest Street Toy.

THE BEAK AND THE BOARD.

"MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS said he had made an invariable rule while he was at Woolwich never to have these School Board commitments enforced without his sanction. Half the time the poor creatures were nearly destitute, and he would not have their homes sold over their heads if he could help it. His instructions in future to the warrant-officers of this Court were, that he should be consulted before any distress-warrant was put in force."—*Daily News*.

WHEN the poor and oppressed a true champion would seek,
They find the right man in the brave Wandsworth Beak.
Who from boarding the biggest of Boards will not blench.
What a joy to see heart and sound sense on the Bench!
A "poorly-clad woman" to poverty tied
By "several children" to WILLIAMS applied,
A runaway husband had left her to fight
Life's battle—and School-Boards—alone. Sorry sight!
And the poor soul was fined, by a cast-iron rule,
For the crime of not sending her children to School!
"Her poor little home must be seized for the fine,"
With a sequel humanity dreads to divine.
Still, of course Law is Law; she must stump up the tin,
Or—but here Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS steps in,
In the resolute fashion for which he is famed,
And Justice this time is not utterly shamed.
The Beak braves the Board; how the Board loves the Beak
They may find out perchance who've a fancy to seek.
"A fortnight to pay," says this Beak of sound brain,
"And if still you're hard up, why, just come here again!!"
Then he adds words of wisdom, as printed above.
Now if there's one mixture *Punch* really does love,
It's a "blend" of sound sense, and warm heart and good pluck.
Bravo, MONTY WILLIAMS! Here's wishing you luck
In your manly crusade, on behalf of poor Want,
Against cruelty, cast-iron rule, and sheer cant!

THE BOYS AND THE BENCH.

RESPECTABLE EDITOR.—*Aliqua tempora vidi in tuis excellentibus columnis epistolam de TOMMIO, Etonensi puero. Hæc circumstantia est meum excusum nunc, et facit me audacem scribere ad te de subiecto pugnarum inter pueros ad scholas. Excusa errores in meo Latino, quia scribo hoc sub difficultatibus, id est, quum noster Magister non habet suum oculum super me.*

Vicinus puer (quem pugnabam duos dies ante hoc, et qui est tonans bonus socius, quamquam dedit mihi sanguinolentum nasum, et hungavit ambo meos oculos) iuvat me cum verbo quum sum in dubitatione. Twiggiane?

Bene, nullum dubium tu vidisti vere nobiles sentimentes Magistri PAGET, alio die (proximum ad unam mensem transitam,—ut cum puto), ad Hammersmith Polioitam Curiam. Dixit ad pedagogum, qui lixerat (bestia!) duos pueros qui pugnabant, ut est propria et Anglica et virilis res pro pueris settlere suas disputationes in hoc modo; et, sum jolliter felix dicere, mulotavit pedagogum decem libras pro sua barbaritate. PAGET pro semper! Si non pugnamus cum fistibus, quid sumus facere, amem noscere? Habere duellum cum ensibus vel pistolis? Mala forma, illud! Aut facere nihil? In illo casu, "fungar vice funki" (quotatio de Latino Grammatico).

Debeo cessare, quia Magister fit cæcus, et non sum certus ut ille non maculavit me. Sum Rugbeiensis, et nos omnes veneramus TOMMIUM BROWNUM, qui, consule ARNOLDO, pugnabat cum FLASH-MANNO, bullo, olim, in quieto parvo loco juxta murum Capelli. Hic est qua mea pugna prehendit locum, et eram jolliter lietus, admitto, sed nunc non euro. Vale! Magister venit hæc via. Sic solum dicam, ut PAGET est trumpus, et homo pro mea pecunia.

Schola-Domus, Id. Apr.

PETER PUGNAX.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

SWEATING SYSTEM CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS AND OTHERS.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET.—This unique article of fashionable female attire, though offered by highly respectable West-End firms to their customers at prices, ranging according to style and material, from one guinea up to twenty, is, owing to the fact that five middlemen each in turn extract a profit out of the process of its production, ultimately supplied by the worker in the East-End slum where it is made at a cost of sevenpence halfpenny.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is worn with satisfaction by the light-hearted purchaser in Belgravia.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is the product of the labour of the starving Needlewoman at Mile End.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET comes fresh from the fever-stricken home.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is toiled at through long and weary hours, from sunrise to midnight, in the Sweater's den.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is stitched with the sighs of blank and hopeless despair.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is trimmed with indescribable human suffering.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is fashioned amidst the agonies of appalling domestic privation.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is finished under the straining of tear-blinded eyes.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is brought in completed by hands the aching fingers of which have, in the process of its making, been worked to the bone.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is the outcome of that firmly established White Slavery on which the smooth working of existing economic laws enables the Sweater comfortably to fatten.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET might cause the thoughtful wearer acquainted with the history of its manufacture to shudder.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is still, however, displayed in the windows of fashionable West End shops, and continuing to attract a bevy of light-hearted customers. Spite the fact that its original cost is daily being paid for in blood-money, it is much admired and in constant and increasing demand.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.—This stylish Novelty, owing, as it does, its attractive and appropriate title to the fact that the grinding and miserable pittance paid for its production entails starvation, premature disease, and death, on most of the miserably struggling wretches who are engaged in the work, is now being supplied by enterprising Middlemen, to well-known West-End Tailoring Emporiums, in large quantities.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is patronised largely by the dashing City Clerk, who, solely anxious to obtain a Showy Article at a cheap figure, is callous alike as to its origin and antecedents.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is occasionally purchased by the totally unsuspecting Member of Parliament.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT has even been supplied by his highly respectable West-End tailor to the quite unconscious Peer, who has worn it conspicuously in the Upper House of the Legislature.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is being turned out daily at the East-End, in the midst of misery and death, and is providing the usual middlemen with a handsome profit, but, owing to the starvation price that is paid for its production, it can be offered to the trade at a figure that will enable them, in dealing with it, to do a highly lucrative business.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.—NOTICE.—The Master-Sweater, who offers the above-named unique Novelty, is prepared to supply the trade with *The Coffin Trouser*, and the *Undertaker Tweed Suit*, manufactured on the same system.

EAST-END ELYSIUM.—An Employer of Slave labour, greedy for a little extra profit, wishes to hear from Polish Jews, Russian Outcasts, and other Greeners, who believe that the above may be met with in a working day of 19 hours, at a wage of five-and-sixpence a week.



THE LATEST NOVELTY IN PETS.

Uncle Joseph (just home from India). "TELL ME, LAURA, WHO'S THAT BEAUTIFUL LADY WALKING WITH YOUNG PRINCE PAUL OF GEROLSTEIN! SOME GRAND DUCHESS, I SUPPOSE, FROM THE HOMAGE THEY'RE ALL PAYING TO HER!"

Fair Enthusiast. "OH NO! IT'S MISS CORDELIA P. VAN SCROMP, THE AMERICAN SIFFLEUSE. SHE WHISTLES 'HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FIRST!' QUITE DIVINELY—WITH FOURTEEN ORIGINAL VARIATIONS. OH, YOU SHOULD HEAR HER, UNCLE JOSEPH!"

"THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE"!

QUEEN of the Sea! She stands,
Calm front, and clenched hands
Knit on that best of brands,
Stainless, unflinching,
Whilst through the murky air
Thickening around her there
Break sounds of Party blare,
Riot and railing.

Queen of the Sea! How long?
Steadfast she stands and strong.
Who dares to offer wrong
To Britomartis?

Yes; there's a voice that cries
Iehabod! Plaints arise
Doubting her destinies,—
Plaints of the Parties!

These ears she, oft has heard,
Nerves still and pulse unstirred.
Croaks of that boding bird,
Faction's hoarse raven,

Shake not her heart nor charm
Force from her potent arm,
Breed not a base alarm,
Causeless and craven.

Yet round her path arise
Portents and prodigies,
Which wise and watchful eyes
Must mark and measure.
Calm though her heart, and large,
Stout must be steel and targe
Of her who hath in charge
So rare a treasure.

Storm-clouds are gathered round,
And from earth's broadest bound
Break thunders and a sound
Of wild winds wailing.
Foes muster, whom to face
She every nerve must brace,
Arm, and her ramparts face,
Watchful, unflinching.

What is this wreck around
Cumbering the littered ground?
Blades broken, mail unsound,
Sea-hulks unready!

Thus do her servants wait
On her imperial state?
Shall she be found, though great,
Faint and unready?

Shall she, though unafraid,
With patriot zeal arrayed,
By her own sons betrayed,
At 'vantage taken,
Be, at the time of test,
Driven to veil her crest,
Beaten, or, at the best,
Sore ashamed and shaken?

Shame, unexampled shame,
Shall smirch the Warder's name
Who risks her power and fame,
Careless watch keeping;
Letting her armour rust,
Trailing her flag in dust,
Whilst past the ward we trust
Armed foes are creeping!

Wake! Watch! But as for fright?—
Nay! Stands she day and night.

Love-armed, with eyes alight,
Calm and collected.
England's still patriot!
Hearts at delay wax hot;
But, while we've hearts, she's not
All "Unprotected."

THE *Sunday Times*, which is going ahead (with a HATTON) now gives most useful hints as to how to spend the day well, beginning with church and ending with recreation. Railway time-tables, where to go, and how to go it, all there for the benefit of the Cheerful Sunday Observance Society. *Prosit*. "Good Old Sunday Times!"

THE BACONIAN THEORY.—Did BACON write *The Merchant of Venice*. The natural anti-Hebraic spirit which the very name of BACON suggests affords a clue. Be this as it may, its author must have been accustomed to Parliamentary Blue Books, as is evident from the passage, "Are you Hansard now?"

THE First Number of Mr. HARRY QUILLER'S *Universal Review* is just out. We have not yet had time to open it, but the inside ought to be brilliantly written, if only to correspond with the outside, which is brilliantly red.

ART QUERY.—MRS. RAMSBOTHAM admires Mr. ALMA-TADEMA's pictures immensely. She pronounces his name "Allmar Todaymar," and wishes to know if he is still a foreigner, or a neutralised Englishman.



“THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE”!



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.
DRAGOON AND CURATE.

IN THE NAME OF ENGLAND—GUNS AND MEN!

SCENE—Downing Street. TIME—First Meeting of the Inner Cabinet.
SUBJECT—National Defence.

Premier. Well, my friends, I really think we are getting on! Did you see the illustrious Duke woke them up at Liverpool the other evening?

War Secretary. Splendid! His Royal Highness is becoming quite an orator. By the way, how would it do to buy that land on Wimbledon Common behind the butts, and utilise it for a fortress, say in defence of Manchester?

First Lord of Treasury. Expensive work, I am afraid, but still it would be nice to keep the National Rifle Association in its old home. But you said you were getting on nicely, as how?

Premier. Well, I think we have all but made up our minds that a magazine-rifle is absolutely necessary for the troops, eh?

War Secretary (hesitating). Yes, I think so. I am afraid, however, we are coming to a conclusion rather hurriedly. You must remember not one of us began to consider the matter seriously until about six years ago.

Premier (with some show of decision). Ah, I really think we must take it as settled. You see we have reached a crisis. And now, assuming that we are to have the magazine-rifle, how long will it take to arm our Regular Forces and Volunteers with it?

War Secretary. At our present rate of manufacture?—I think I may assume that we cannot increase on our present speed of production, eh?

Premier. Certainly; oh, certainly.

War Secretary. Well, then, at our present rate of manufacture, we ought to be able to let most of the Regular Army, a part of the Militia, and some of our Volunteers, have the magazine-rifle by the end of three years.

Premier. Come, that is very satisfactory—very satisfactory, indeed. It is rather a pity that so many of our big ships should be floating helplessly about because we can give them no guns. And I suppose some day we ought really to consider seriously how to get horses for our cavalry. But, taking everything into consideration, it is most satisfactory, and all we have to do in the meanwhile is to jog along quietly and cozily, and, if possible, keep out of foreign complications. Very, satisfactory indeed!

Mr. Punch (suddenly appearing). What is satisfactory, my Lord?

Premier. Dear Mr. Punch, how you startled me! I was saying that my right honourable friend, the Secretary for War, is satisfied that we can get quite a number of magazine-rifles manufactured by the end of three years; or, at any rate, by the end of five years.

Mr. Punch (severely). Five years! Why, five months would be more than sufficient to give every soldier wearing Her Majesty's uniform the new weapon, if you went to work with adequate energy.

Premier. Adequate energy! Why, we are very energetic! *War Secretary.* 'Pon my word, we are almost too fast!

First Lord of Treasury. We have such a sense of duty, you know, that we absolutely gallop through our work!

Mr. Punch. Silence! I repeat that, in four or five months, the new weapon could replace the old everywhere if you were to work in the proper spirit. Why don't you flood Birmingham with orders, employ all the manufacturing resources of the kingdom, and send patterns to America and elsewhere?

Premier. Oh, that would be so unusual!

War Secretary. So inconvenient!

First Lord of Treasury. So irregular!

Mr. Punch. Unusual, inconvenient, irregular! Nonsense! The security of the Empire should be your first consideration. And how about men?

War Secretary. Oh, we are doing very nicely. Quite a large number of recruits have recently joined the Militia, and there are not likely to be more than the customary percentage of deserters. The Volunteers, too, are about the same as usual, thank you.

Mr. Punch. The same as usual! Unprepared! Undermanned! And yet there is any amount of material ready waiting to be utilised, if you only know where to seek for it. Think of our cricket clubs, our football teams, our cyclists! Send the recruiting-sergeants amongst them, and let them be embodied *en masse*. Why, every hunt should produce its regiment of cavalry, every county Athletic Association its battalions of infantry. With a little energy you could easily get 500,000 young fellows who would be glad of the opportunity, occupation, and dignity. Once enrolled—once armed with the magazine-rifle—and it would be merely a question of drill-instructors and shooting-ranges. The rest would be furnished by the patriotism of the people.

Premier. You take my breath away! It is easy enough to talk, but you would find that none of the men would come!

Mr. Punch. Was that our experience a quarter of a century ago, when, at the first sound of alarm, rifle clubs sprang up like magic in every part of the kingdom? And what our boys did then, they will do now! And when they don't, why then it will be time to remember that, after all, Conscription is the statutory law of the land, only suspended in its operation from year to year. Briefly, we want guns and men, and, come what will, we must have them. You hear, my Lord, we must have them!

Premier. And if we can't supply them?

Mr. Punch (decisively). Then you must give place to those who can!

CHANNEL BRIDGE TALK.

From the Conversation Book of the distant Future.

It quite surprises me to hear that a second-class ticket across the bridge costs £9 17s.

Dear me! And even at that rate is the Company able to pay the original 12 per cent. Debenture-holders only one per cent. per annum on the Forty-Nine Millions sterling they have sunk in the undertaking?

I almost wish I had determined to cross from Dover to Calais in the halfpenny boat.

Certainly the wind is very strong at this elevation above the surface of the sea.

That four-wheeler that is ahead of us can scarcely cross the bridge safely in this hurricane.

Ah! I thought so! There it goes, horse and all, plump into the middle of the Channel!

Why, I do believe that ironclad has run into the piles of the pier we have just passed, and has knocked it over.

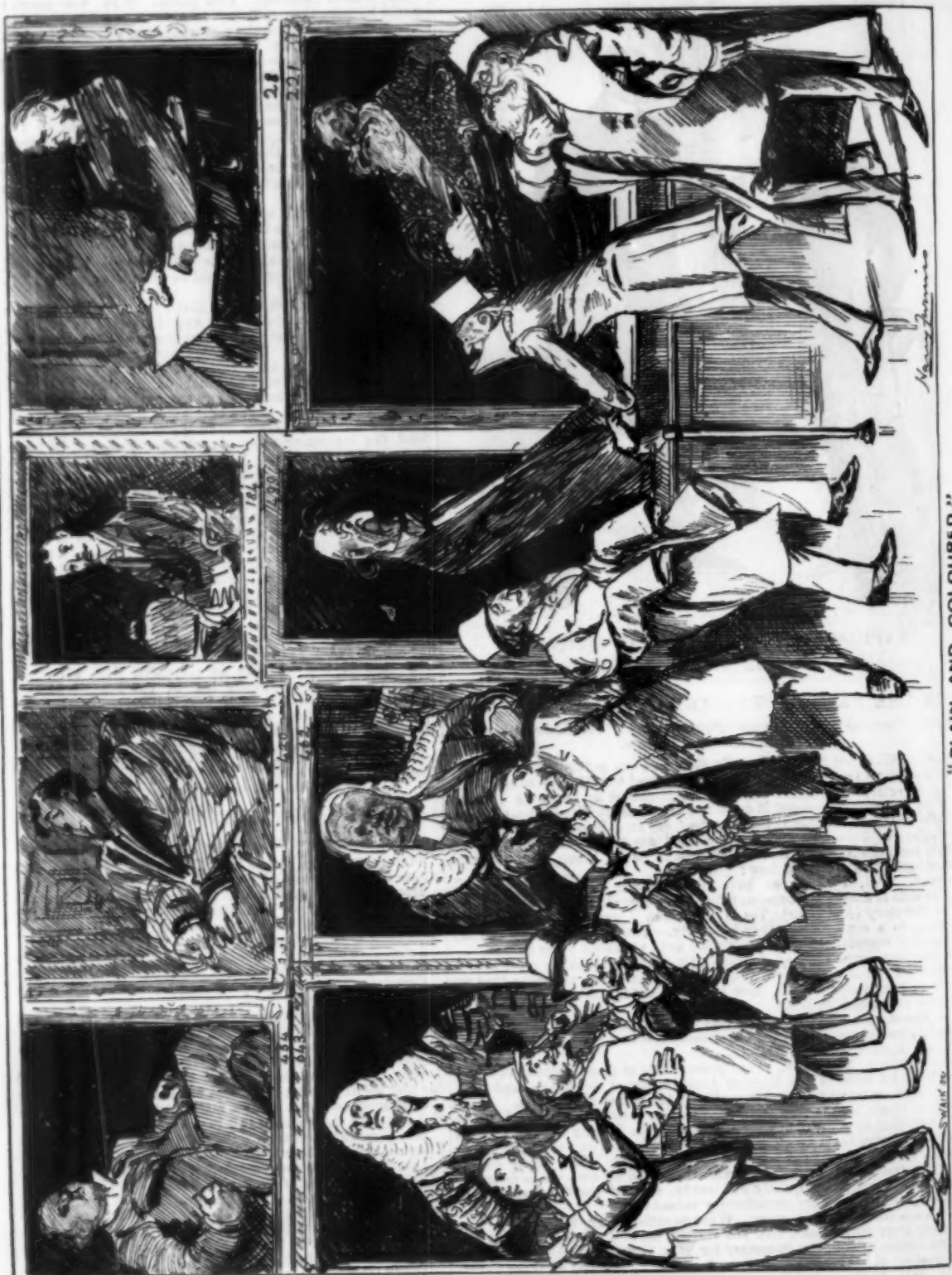
Good gracious! Is it really a fact that the tornado has carried away the three arches just in front of us, bodily?

It is very awkward to be fixed here in the middle of the Channel, unable either to go forward or to retrace one's steps.

I am beginning, in the present situation, to realise the utility of the "Places of Refuge, watch-houses, and alarm-bells," referred to in the original prospectus. I really do not think I can climb down the 160 feet of iron network to reach the boat that has come to take us off.

It is to be devoutly hoped that this rope will not break before I get to the bottom.

Thank Goodness, I am safe on shore once again, and am well off the Channel Bridge.



"PLAIN AND COLOURED."

POLITICAL ORIGINALS INTERVIEWED THEIR PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE COLONIAL COLLECTION.

John Bull (who has sent a splendid Set of Pictures, by British Artists, to Melbourne). "YOU'RE WELCOME TO ANYTHING I CAN LEND YOU, MY DEAR, TO MAKE YOUR EXHIBITION A SUCCESS."

Mr. Punch (who has sent three hundred specimens of the Work of his own Special Artists). "I SAY DIITTO TO JOHN!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 14.—Lively night in both Houses. In Lords, Our Only General replied to Markiss's attack of Friday last. Explained that when at the famous PENDER dinner he had spoken of English Statesmen as "deprived of the manly honesty which was once their characteristic," and as being "influenced by a low and vicious standard of morality," had not meant anything personally offensive to present Government. Reference, in fact, rather meant to be complimentary. As to what he had said on state of Army and Navy, that he stuck to. Markiss thought apology very handsome. All ended happily.

In Commons, Solicitor-General for Ireland delivered striking

speech in debate on TIM HEALY's Privilege Motion. Irish Members say that before he came to House, Solicitor-General had honest Irish brogue. Now, struggling against suspicion, has hit upon most remarkable pronunciation heard since Dundreary Peerage extinct. Leading peculiarity is to pronounce "er" as if spelled "awh," the syllable being delivered with sort of explosion like drawing a tight cork. Took verbatim note of opening sentences of to-night's speech. Naturally resolve themselves into poetic form:—

"Mr. Deputy Speakawh,
The hon. and learned Membewh
Has taken advantage of the reading of this lettewh
To suggest that the writewh
Has been concerned in the mattewh," &c.

House began to titter. Deputy-Speakawh openly laughed at hon. and learned Membewh. By time fifth line in poem was reached,

Solicitor-General, red as turkey-cock, gazed angrily round hilarious House, wondering what was the meaning of this unseemly laughter.

Debate incidentally furnished HARCOURT with opportunity for paying off old scores. Question of privilege arose on letter from resident Magistrate announcing JOHN DILLON's conviction "for taking part in the Plan of Campaign." TIM HEALY demurred to this way of putting it. "Taking part in Plan of Campaign," he said, "not offence known to law." GOSSET put up to endeavour to get Government out of this fresh hole, dug by irrepressible resident Magistrate. Said Magistrate had simply "adopted popular language intelligible to the SPEAKER." HARCOURT quickly saw opportunity, and made most of it. Has an accumulated debt against COURTNEY, who, as Deputy Speaker, has more than once called him to order. Paid him off now.

"Sir," he said, turning to COURTNEY, "this is a pretty defence. The Under Secretary for India says that letter was couched in popular language likely to be intelligible to you. This insult is offered to the House of Commons in order to meet the feebleness of the comprehension of the Deputy Speaker."

COURTNEY squirmed, but could say nothing. No mistaking triumph of HARCOURT's tone, or intention of his gestures. But perfectly in order. COURTNEY accordingly could only smile, and smile, and be a Deputy Speaker.

Business done.—King-Harman Relief Bill in Committee. HENRAGE's Amendment, charging salary on revenues of Lord-Lieutenant and Chief-Secretary rejected by majority of eight in House of 374; dangerously narrow squeak.

Tuesday Night.—Closure reached its climax. Climbed up pretty well when JOSEPH GILLIS at critical moment shut up Old Morality. To-night Sage of Queen Anne's Gate closed BRADLAUGH. Junior Member for Northampton rising to continue debate on Motion giving precedence to Imperial Defence Bill; Senior Member for Northampton moved question be now put. Put it was, and BRADLAUGH peremptorily shut up. Coolness since sprung up between these eminent statesmen which may have important effects on history of England.

Sitting sharply divided into two epochs. First with crowded benches, animated speeches, resounding cheers and counter-cheers, discussed order of business with special reference to King-Harman Relief Bill. Epoch second: empty benches; Old Morality on his legs; dead silence, broken only by rustle of yawns. Subject under discussion, Imperial Defences, and expenditure of Three Millions and a Half sterling.

House doesn't do this sort of thing by halves. Makes no pretence of preference for business. Soon as ever fireworks over and work began, benches cleared. House so empty that, whilst PRICE was discussing proposals for conveying merchant fleets in time of war, House nearly counted out.

Depressing effect upon BOBBY SPENCER. BOBBY's gay young life been changed by iron hand of fate. Went to bed one night a frivolous flutterer around the Parliamentary flower-garden; awoke next morning a serious politician. Duke of WESTMINSTER did it. Asked BOBBY to dinner on a Wednesday. BOBBY occupied Tuesday in dining at Eighty Club with PARNELL. Hearing this, Duke formally withdraws invitation. The babbling current of BOBBY's life changed. Thinks of lowering his collar and growing a beard. Has already abandoned pretty trick of turning up his trousers over spotless patent leather boots, and has bought an umbrella suited to changed circumstances.

"All very well," he says, "in days of my youth, when I was what I may call an Irresponsible Butterfly. Now, when it has become a question of State where I dine, and dual dovesotes are fluttered at sound of the name of a fellow guest, must behave as such."

Pity the Duke took it that way. Was always such a pleasant thing to have BOBBY buzzing around, conveying his noble brother about the House, standing him a bun and a glass of sherry at the bar, keeping GLADSTONE well informed on the current of public opinion, and with all the cares of a division sitting lightly on his young shoulders. As HARCOURT says, "One must needs be a Duke to take BOBBY seriously."

Business done.—In Committee on Imperial Defence Bill.



A Serious Politician.

Wednesday.—Met JOSEPH GILLIS leaving House early. Says he's going to dine to-night at house dinner, National Liberal Club. Going home to dress. Bought an orchid to wear in button-hole. Doesn't see why CHAMBERLAIN should have all the good things. Lord SPENCER, K.G., to be in the Chair; TAY PAY in Vice-Chair.

"What a happy combination!" I said. "Suppose it's arranged to do special honour to SPENCER?"

"No," said JOSEPH GILLIS, gently but firmly, opening orchid with his forefinger. "Fact is, some talk of National Liberal Club being hard up. So they invited SPENCER to preside, with TAY PAY in Vice-Chair, to show they can make both ends meet."

Business done.—JAMES CODLINGS—CODLINGS the friend of the Agricultural Labourer not GLADSTONE—moved Second Reading of Small Holdings Bill. Conservatives much interested in Bill; discussed it so earnestly that MUNTE talked it out.

Thursday.—COURTNEY's early training stands him in good stead. (Not generally known, I think, Chairman of Committees brought up for stage. Rather promising *Romeo*.) His great feat of quick changing already noted. Now, in absence of SPEAKER, doubles his part every night. Takes the Chair when the House meets; sits there through questions; when House gets into Committee, steps down to place at table, and officiates as Chairman of Committees.

Great hit of the evening is, when, as Chairman of Committees, he reports progress to himself as Deputy Chairman. Usual thing, when progress reported, for SPEAKER to be brought in. Takes the Chair. Chairman of Committees stands at his right hand, and reports progress. In doubling part, COURTNEY has first to get himself into Chair as Deputy Chairman, and then, standing at his own right hand as Chairman of Committees, report progress. How it is done secret, like his famous feat of changing his dress behind Speaker's chair. But 'tis well done, and quickly. Since *Dr. Blimber's* eldest pupil used to write letters addressed to "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," nothing been seen like COURTNEY reporting progress to himself.

SUMMERS, who has grown quite desperate since JOHN BRIGHT attacked him for his appearance at Huddersfield side by side with T. D. SULLIVAN, had BALFOUR up. BALFOUR, having a holiday on Wednesday night, went out to make a speech. Incidentally alluded to Coroner's Jury at Mitchelstown as "corrupt." SUMMERS challenges him with this. BALFOUR apologetic. Not certain he used the word, or if he did, didn't mean it. Hopes House will accept his correction.

"When he said Jury was corrupt, he meant to say that it was incompetent and worthless."

That makes it so much nicer for Mitchelstown jurors.

"Very good," said TREVELYAN, "but not quite original. Remember what Dr. JOHNSON said when somebody asked him what he meant by calling FIELDING a blockhead? 'What I mean by his being a blockhead,' said JOHNSON, 'is that he is a barren rascal.'"

Business done.—Trifle over Four Millions and a Half voted in Supply. Second Reading Employers' Liability Bill moved.

Friday.—House met at Two. Needn't have met at all, only for the cuseness of CONYNGHAM. Members, being there, talked. Kept thing going as long as possible, and then happily dried up.

Business done.—Off for Whitsun Holidays, SMITH WALTON leading the way. Sergeant-at-Arms chalks up on door, "Back again in an hour." Only his fun. Really shan't be back till 31st; but notice looks as if we weren't neglecting business.



Talked it out.



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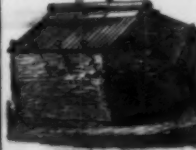
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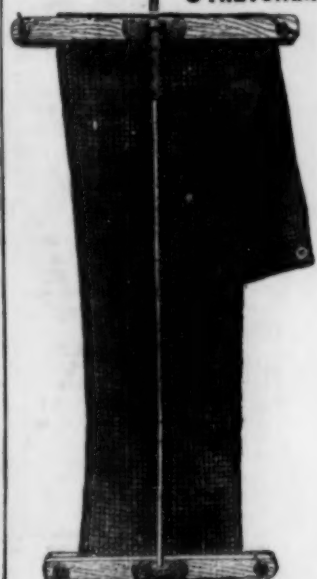
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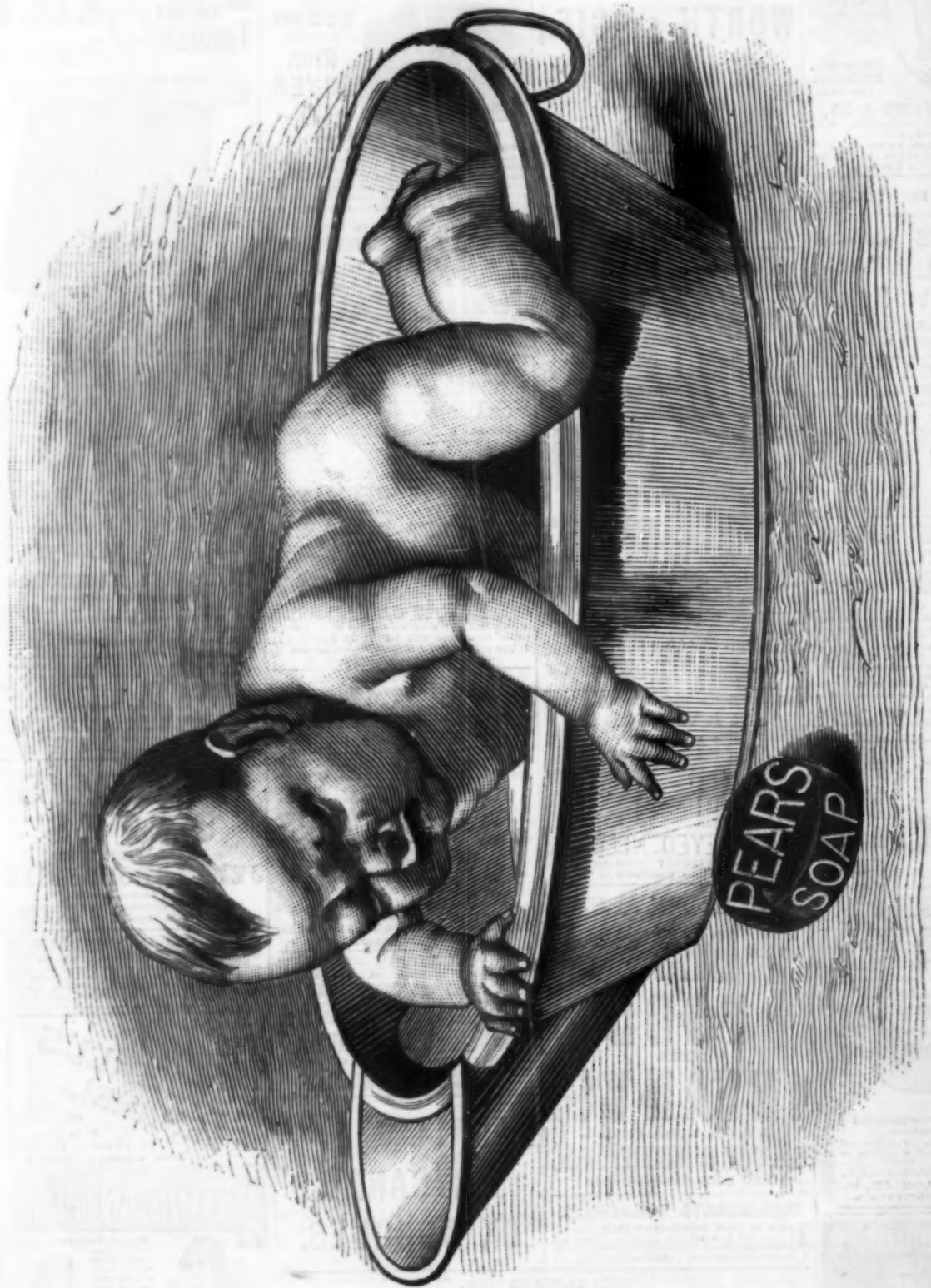
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